

VOLUME 39, ISSUE 2, 2021

Please consider submitting an article about your family for future publication. You could tell how your ancestors became part of Northcentral WV or other interesting stories. No more than 3 typewritten pages. Photos are great.

Send to: HCPD, 45 Abbotts Run Rd., Horner, WV
26372 or hcpd@hackerscreek.org

[illegible]

hcpd@hackerscreek.org



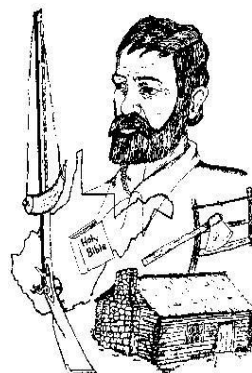
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<http://www.hackerscreek.org>

**Office hours: Monday—Thursday, 10:00—3:00
Fridays 10AM-1PM**

Open after hours by request



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Board Meetings

2nd Thursday of each month
1:00 P.M. at the library or via Zoom

Editorial policy:

Material is solicited from members & non-members. The editor reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit as deemed necessary. Neither HCPD nor its officers assume responsibility for errors of fact or opinions made by contributors.

Submission of material:

Articles should be typed when possible. Articles submitted electronically need to be in Word or a pdf format. Photographs or scanned documents should be in a JPEG format. Please include a SASE for any material to be returned.

Queries:

Queries are free. Be specific. Include full names, dates, and places if known & your contact information. 50-word limit per query.

Membership Dues:

Dues are \$40 annually per individual or household mailing address, due October 1. Members with unpaid dues (by 1 month grace period) will be dropped from the current year's membership roll.



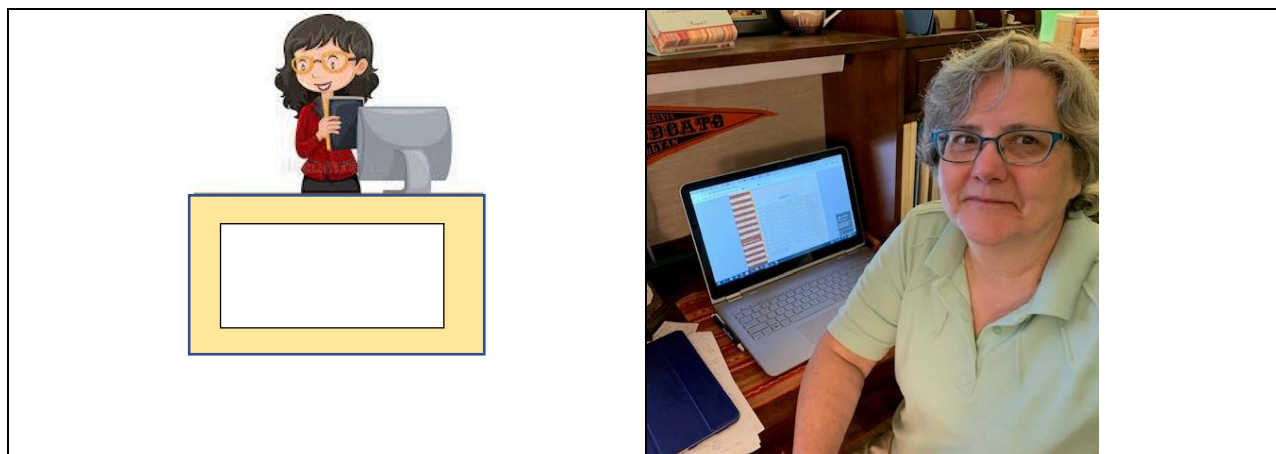
The library has been in full cleaning and moving mode. We have a group of hard workers repairing and moving items. We had the old carpet removed. We were blessed to have a local non-profit organization, Lewis County First work hard to remove it. The floors look beautiful and really tie into the old historical school house. The floors are the original wooden floors. The storage room in the back now has new lights. We can SEE! The only problem is now we see how much more work needs to be done in cleaning and sorting. Our goal is to have all the lights changed to LED in the library. If you would like to make a donation toward this project, please just note on your check or tell us if you call with credit card. An incident occurred in September that was scary! Someone shot a gun outside the building and the bullet went through the office window, through the office door and stopped when it hit some books on the shelf. The library was closed and no one in the office. The police were called but nothing was found out who or when it was done. Because of this we are planning on getting outside security cameras installed.

We had a wonderful Zoom with about 15 members attending on Oct. 23rd. Mr. Jim Bartlett. A life time member of HCPD and credited with knowledge on DNA spoke to us. A wonderful introduction to DNA and we have print outs of his class. We have a monthly Zoom meeting monthly with members on a Saturday and the link is sent out before the meeting. We hope to see it grow and plan on having many different genealogy topics. Do you have any suggestions as to what you would like to discuss?

I'm sure I forgot to mention other events going on at HCPD, but if you ever have questions or suggestions then please just call me or email me at the library. The newsletter will come out in December. If you have any short stories, pictures, or anything you have questions about then submit them to me in an email. Be sure you use hcdp@hackerscreek.org

Thank you for all your support! You are a great group of people.

Patty

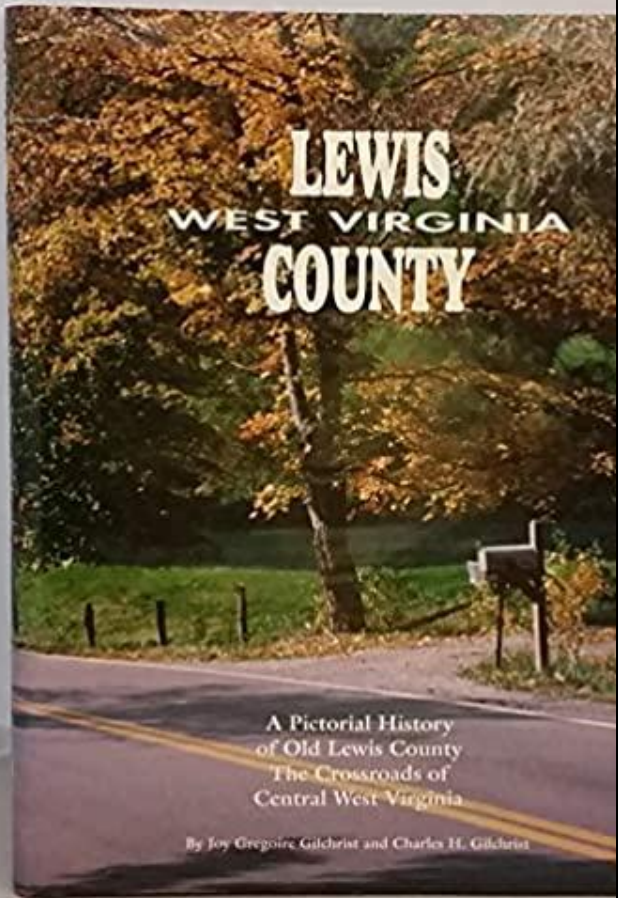
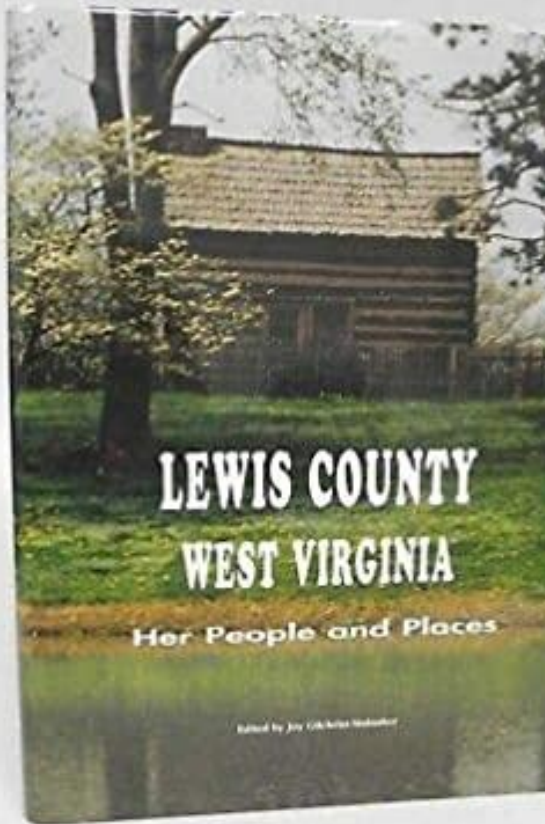


Treasures to Discover or to Rediscover

As a librarian, I often get caught up in the organizing of it all and the attempt to help people find what they are looking for. Sometimes, it is helpful to return to the very basics -- an appreciation of the books and the people who write them.

Many of you will be familiar with these two books, written by our very own Joy Gregoire, Gilchrist, Stalnaker, DeFazio. Each is filled with an amazing bounty of information! Each has wonderful photographs that help tell the stories. They are our stories.

If you are not familiar with them, there is no time like the present! In fact, speaking of presents, Christmas is coming and you may know someone who would love these books. They can be found in the store or on the HCPD website.

	
<p>Lewis County West Virginia: A Pictorial History of Old Lewis County The Crossroads of Central West Virginia</p> <p>By Joy Gregoire Gilchrist and Charles H. Gilchrist</p> <p>Published in 1993 by The Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants, Inc. \$15.00</p>	<p>Lewis County West Virginia: Her People and Places</p> <p>Edited by Joy Gilchrist-Stalnaker</p> <p>Published in 2000 by The Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants, Inc. \$25.00</p>

I first read these two books several years ago, before I was involved with the HCPD Library. At the time, I remember being astounded as I learned so much about the places where my ancestors had struggled and triumphed. When I finished, I felt connected to it all.

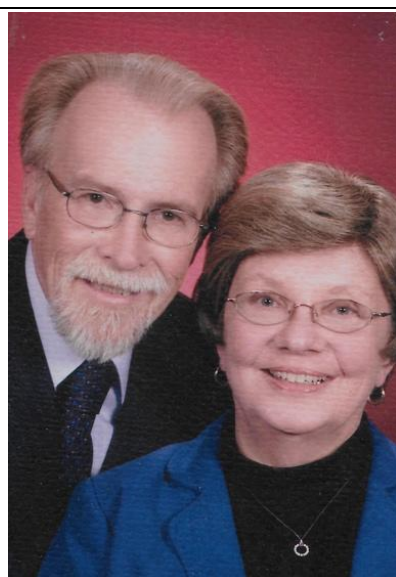
In the past couple of years, while spending time with the collection in the library at HCPD, I have come across these names again and again. Also, photographs of the people which have come to life within the pages of these books. It seems like running into old friends (and ancestors).



meet our MEMBERS

Randall and Betty Ann Nicholson

Even though HCPD library is located in central WV, we have members all over the U.S. We thought that it would be enjoyable to “meet” our members. Therefore, this is a regular feature of the Journal to introduce members to each other. If you would like to be included, please send a brief bio and a picture or two to the Journal editor, Carol White, at cjswhite@gmail.com. We won’t, of course, include all of them at once. But, it will be interesting to see who is featured in the next issue of the Journal. Maybe it will be you!



Randall and Betty Ann Nicholson have been members of HCPD since 1994. Randall was born in Doddridge County, WV, the son of Amos Eugene and Susie Olive (Blake) Nicholson on February 17, 1946. Betty Ann was born in Lewis County on February 15, 1946, the daughter of John Everett and Hattie Marie Smith Ward.

Both attended Jane Lew High School, graduating in 1964 and then entered college at Glenville State College. After graduation Randall entered the world of retail management and spent 45 years there retiring in 2008 from Walmart. Betty Ann became a social worker with the WV Department of Health and Human Services and retired from there 35 years later. They were married on August 15, 1969.

They became involved with genealogy when a friend handed them a family group sheet and a five-generation chart and told them to fill it in. They started their research at HCPD with lots of help from Joy Defazio and have traveled the country, mostly in Page and Madison County, Virginia since then doing research. Randall published a history of “The Descendants of Wade Laconia” in 2013 which he started from a piece of paper given him by a cousin containing three names and the city of Luray, VA.

During these years, both have been very active with HCPD, starting with becoming Monday night volunteers for several years and helping with fund-raising events and activities of the library. Randall became a member of the Board after a few years and remains a Board member today, after serving two terms as president. Betty Ann, upon retiring, became the Executive Director of HCPD in 2004 and served in this position until December 31, 2011. She retired then so that she and Randall could travel and have spent several years exploring most of the states. She then became treasurer of HCPD and continues in this role.

HCPD has been and remains an important part of their lives where they have met many relatives and many life-long friends.



A major wreck in Lewis County

Photo from Weston Democrat years ago!
Shared from Patty, HCPD Ex. Dir.

Once Upon a Decade


1870

As we learn about our ancestors' lives, they become real to us, not just names on a page. We thought that it would be interesting to learn about world events occurring in a decade of our history. Which of your ancestors were living during the featured decade? How old were they then? At what stage were their lives? As you read over these events, try to imagine the effect they might have had on your ancestors.

Year	event
February 3, 1870	The 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which gave the right to vote to Black men, became law when the required number of states ratified it.
Summer 1871	Photographer William Henry Jackson takes a number of photographs on the Yellowstone Expedition. The scenery he captured was so remarkable that it led to the creation of the National Parks.
October 8, 1871	The Great Chicago Fire broke out. It destroyed much of the city of Chicago, and a persistent rumor was that it was caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow.
November 10, 1871	The journalist and adventurer Henry Morton Stanley located David Livingstone in Africa, and said the famous greeting: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."
November 5, 1872	President Ulysses S. Grant wins a second term in the election of 1872, defeating legendary newspaper editor turned candidate Horace Greeley, who died 3 weeks later.
July 21, 1873	The Jesse James Gang conduct the first successful train robbery in the American West
August 2, 1873	Andrew Hallidie tests the first cable car system in San Francisco, CA
September 1873	A stock market crashed sets off the Panic of 1873, one of the great financial panics of the 19th century
November 1874	The Greenback Party was established in the United States. Its constituencies were the farmers and workers adversely affected by the Panic of 1873
May 17, 1875	The first Kentucky Derby is run at Churchill Downs in Louisville, KY
March 10, 1876	Alexander Graham Bell made the first successful telephone call, saying, "Watson, come here, I need you."
June 25, 1876	General George Armstrong Custer, commander of the 7th Cavalry, is killed, along with more than 200 of his men, at the Battle of the Little Bighorn
July 4, 1876	The United States celebrated its centennial with celebrations in cities and towns across the country
August 2, 1876	Wild Bill Hickok, gunfighter and lawman, was shot and killed while playing cards in Deadwood, Dakota Territory
August 25, 1876	The first crossing of the unfinished Brooklyn Bridge was accomplished by its master mechanic, E.F. Farrington, riding on a wire strung between its towers
August 1, 1876	Colorado becomes the 38th state
November 7, 1876	The United States presidential election of 1876 was disputed and became the most controversial American election until the election of 2000
Early 1877	An electoral commission was formed to settle the disputed presidential election of 1876 results in the Compromise of 1877. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared the winner of the election, and Reconstruction was effectively brought to an end
June 21, 1877	Leaders of the Molly Maguires, a secret society of coal miners in Pennsylvania,

	were executed
July 16, 1877	A strike in West Virginia set off the Great Railroad Strike of 1877, which spread nationwide and spurred violent clashes in American cities
February 19, 1878	Thomas A. Edison patented the phonograph, which would rank as one of his most important inventions
October 14, 1878	Thomas Alva Edison filed his first patent application for "Improvement In Electric Lights"
1879	After thousands of years where paint is mixed by on the spot, two Americans (Henry Sherwin and Edward Williams) begin selling premixed paints in cans
April 30, 1879	Sarah J. Hale, a magazine editor who urged President Lincoln to make Thanksgiving an official holiday, died at the age of 90

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	<p><i>Calliope's Corner</i></p>	<p>This feature allows members to share their original poetry and prose. Even though it would be quite appropriate for the themes to be somewhat related to ancestors, history, and genealogy and such, that is not a hard-fast requirement. This is your chance to be in the spotlight by sharing your thoughts and feelings expressed in writing.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">These Are My People</p> <p>These are my people. The same blood courses through my veins. We share a common heritage, a common accumulation of experiences that have shaped and molded us. As I walk among them, my mind experiences a deluge of memories, mostly good. I stop to speak to each one in turn. I share a favorite memory. I express my gratitude for all that they did for me. I wonder if they hear me.</p> <p>I look down over the winding, country road and the freshly mown grass. It is quiet with only the sound of a distant woodpecker and little birds chirping for their mother's return. The sky is beautifully blue today with only a few cotton ball clouds. The sun beats down hot upon my shoulders. The breeze alerts me to the</p>		

scent of blossoms letting go of their grasp upon the mother plant. Perhaps they are signaling for me to do likewise.

This place instills in me an undefined emotion. Each time I come here, I am filled with a sense of belonging, a sense of completeness, a sense of longing for yesteryear and the sweet, innocence of youth when I took these people for granted. They would always be a part of my life, I thought. They would always love me. They would always guide and correct my path. And now, they take their repose in the silence of a verdant hilltop overlooking property that once supported the ancestral home.

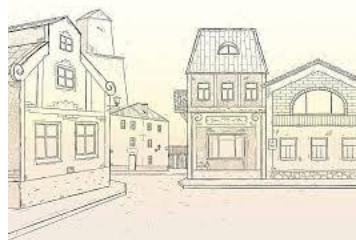
Grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles. All a memory now. If today communication could go both ways, what would their message be to this daughter and niece? Would I listen more intently now than I did in years past when I thought that I had all the answers to life's questions?

"Speak to me," I say. "I will listen to your song now. Tell me again your stories. Share with me your wisdom of years and struggles and adversity and losing and winning and loving. Wrap me again in your tender arms. Reassure me that I too have the strength to endure the heartaches of life. After all, I am your daughter."

Plastic flowers replaced, respect paid, and tears shed, I now bid you farewell until next year's visit. Because you once shared a common bond and abiding love, it is most fitting that you now share this peaceful property. Unlike the well-groomed, public properties beside busy highways filled with strangers encompassing many generations and many walks of life, this place houses but one family, a family who worked together, fought together, raised families together, cried together, laughed together, and loved deeply and unconditionally. Maybe it is that love I feel when I visit you here. Maybe that is the undefined emotion. I turn one last time as I exit the gate to say, "Thank you. Thank you."

--Carol White

Hamlets and Ghost Towns



Each town and community have their own story, their own history. If you know something about

the history/stories of the small hamlets and ghost towns in the counties of North Central WV, please share them with the Journal. This will make very interesting reading.	
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History of Frametown and Vicinity

by Mrs. Link James and T. P. Rollyson

“Frametown is a village ... situated on Elk River, nine miles from Gassaway, and sixteen miles from Sutton, the county seat of Braxton County.

“It would be hard to find a village, or community center more favorably located than Frametown for it has good railway facilities and is surrounded by some picturesque scenery then it has the distinction of being one of the villages located on the placid waters of Elk River which is one of the most beautiful streams in West Virginia, and which in days gone by afforded means of transportation for the virgin forest of this section was carried to market on this stream.

“This is a farming section and the community has some good farms which are owned and cultivated by industrious farmers and in addition to farming many of our farmers are interested in stock raising and are stocking their farms with purebred stock.

“Frametown community has produced some prominent citizens having furnished both state and county officials together with a number who are making good at their chosen professions such as ministers, doctors, lawyers, and teachers. Frametown community has sent forth a number of applicants who have made first grade certificates many of which were No. One teachers.

“This immediate vicinity has had but few notable events from a historical standpoint, yet the little local incidents such as fires, floods, etc. are more or less interesting to our home folks. We might add that one of the most impressive events in this section was the calling of young men to arms to fight for world freedom. The thought of their leaving friends and loved ones at home, with no assurance of their ever returning, to cross the mighty deep with all its dangers both seen and unseen, then to face the enemy on the battlefield (which many of them did) was indeed a sad event to us. However, we were fortunate in the return of our boys, yet a few made the supreme sacrifice. Among those that went from this section and returned we will mention the names of two young men who went to France and entered that famous artillery school at Saumur, completed their course, and received commissions. They are Lieutenant Charles Earle Rollyson and Lieutenant Aaron H. Gumm. Lieutenant Rollyson is now Superintendent of the Ephraim Creek Coal Company of Thayer, Fayette County, West Virginia, and Lieutenant Gumm is Assessor of Braxton County.

“About the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find a class of sturdy pioneers wending their way from Augusta County westward in search of suitable land on which to build

homes for themselves and their families. They were a liberty loving people not seeking office or fame, but were following the retreat of the Indian and assisting in the extermination of the panther and bear. The course of civilization has ever been westward, and to the pioneers who braved all dangers of the forest to build homes for themselves and their families and to build churches and schools in the wilderness, we owe a debt of gratitude and at the mound of clay that contains the dust of our fathers, we should erect a beautiful monument, for theirs is the glory to the end of time.

“Among the earliest settlers in this vicinity we find the following familiar names:- James, Given, Hamric, Frame, and Rollyson.

“Joseph James, Sr. came from Nicholas County about 1820 and settled on the head waters of Big Run, two miles north of Frametown. He lived to a ripe old age and reared a large family most of whom lived all their life in this section.

“Michael Rollyson came from Monroe County in the early part of the nineteenth century and settled on the head waters of Steer Creek. He was Captain of the Home Guards under the reorganized government of West Virginia having been commissioned Dec. 1, 1863 and served until August 5, 1864. His son, Samuel A. Rollyson, was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company "F" 10th W. Va. Infantry, on the 29th of May, 1862.

“Cyrus Hamric settled on Big Run, and James Given, Sr. settled on the waters of Mill Creek. All of these pioneers reared large families many of whom became prominent citizens.

“The village of Frametown was settled by James Frame, Sr. in the year, 1798. Mr. Frame came from Augusta County together with another man whose name we never learned, built a cabin in the bottom just east of the property now owned by J. Pat Rollyson. They cleared one acre of land and remained here about a year. One morning these two men heard a turkey gobbling, so they went out to kill the turkey, but failing to find it, they separated and continued their hunt, and this nameless man saw a bear and fired two shots at it, then he lost his sense of direction and reached the head waters of Steer Creek, and thinking that it emptied into Elk River, he followed it to its mouth, thence down the Little Kanawha River to Parkersburg from which point he went down the Ohio River to Point Pleasant and from there back to Virginia. Mr. Frame thinking this man had killed the turkey with the first shot and that an Indian had killed him with the second, became alarmed and went back to Augusta County, and there he met the owner of the land and traded him a black mare and flint lock rifle for his claim thereby obtaining all the land on the north side of Elk River between the end of the Frametown bridge and to Elk and Little Kanawha Ry. Station near the present residence of Robert Cox. This was in the counties of Randolph and Kanawha, for the county line was near the E. & L. K. Station. Mr. Frame now moved his family here and proceeded to build a water mill, and traces of the old dam may be seen today. The original name of this place was Frame's Mill, but later the name was changed to Frametown in honor of its founder. Three of Mr. Frame's grandchildren are living in Frametown at present. They are John H. and James A. Frame, sons of William Frame,

and Mrs. Emma Rollyson, daughter of Dr. Thomas K. Frame.

"We might add that James Frame, Sr. was born in Scotland and served under General Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815.

"The folks that founded homes in the wilderness did not intend to rear their children in ignorance; therefore, they began to build rude school buildings. This work was always done by voluntary labor, and the settlers would first meet and select a site which was usually in some old field that was no longer used for agricultural purposes, this giving rise to the name - "Old Field Schools" -. After having selected the site, they would go to the woods (which were near by at that time) and cut the logs from which the building was constructed. When all the material was on the ground, there was a public gathering, in a sense it was a country life conference, the only difference being that they were there to do things and not to talk about doing them. The house was built and covered, then a chimney was built which was of such gigantic proportions that it was a much-mooted question which the chimney was built for the house, or the house for the chimney. Benches (for that was the name by which they were known) were made of logs split into two equal parts and the flat sides were shaved smooth, then holes were bored in each end and legs were driven into them, and as they had no backs you can imagine how tiresome it would be to sit on a seat of this nature while solving a long problem in "Partial Payments". Contrast this with the modern school building of today. The patrons hired their own teachers and paid their salary out of their own private funds, for there was no such thing as a free school in those days. The subjects taught were "Readin", "Ritin", and "Rithmetic", and the texts used were McGuffey's Reader, Webster's Spelling Book, Ray's Arithmetic, and New Testament. The theory of discipline was embodied in that well know principle of "No lickin, no larin", and many were the times that the beech rod was brought into play. Not-with-standing this many of the "Split Bench" graduates became men of prominence, filling positions of trust and honor.

"One of the first school buildings erected in this section was near the present residence of Thomas Wilson and was used for both school and church. The first school was taught by "Uncle" Andy Wilson. The first building erected for free school purposes was on Big Run and is known today as the Big Run school. It is the oldest free school in Birch district being known as sub-district No. 1. The first building was burned but another was erected upon the old site, and is standing today. The first free school that was taught in the old building was by Joseph Pierson; however, Mr. Pierson taught but two months and the school was finished by Van B. Frame.

"As stated above, school buildings were used for church purposes, and as the early settlers were a God-fearing and church going people these buildings were crowded to overflowing on Sunday. The ministers of that day usually had a large "circuit" and services were held about once a month. In many sections, services were held at the home of some settler. Once a year, they held what was commonly known as a "Revival" or "Protracted" meeting, and folks would come for miles and miles, some on foot, some on horseback, others in sleds or sleighs. They invariably had a great revival for the people very often were in possession of the

"Old Time Religion", the kind that causes folks to shout. Instrumental music was strictly forbidden for they were firm in their belief that this was accomplished in the Book of Amos, but every one present took part in the singing, and many of our fathers and mothers were sweet singers. Their spirits are now enjoying the glories of the Father, for they were faithful to the end.

Source: "Braxton County Genealogy....Making Family Connections " WV GenWeb Project. <https://www.wvgenweb.org/braxton/firstfamilies/index.htm>

Submitted by Carol White

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What's in a Name

Note: The plan is to make this an ongoing feature of the Journal where information about West Virginia surnames may be included. If you have something to contribute to this feature, please email it to the editor, Carol White (see page 1).

"Surnames undergo change principally in two ways: (1) through an evolutionary process of gradual, unintentional, and frequently unconscious mutation, and (2) through a conscious alteration that may transform a name orthographically or phonetically, or may involve the actual discard of a name in favor of a totally different one....The *intentional* change of a surname results almost exclusively from the name's assumption of meaning. This meaning may or may not be that which is associated with the ordinary words of speech; more than likely, it lies with the name's symbology. When the name comes to signalize a condition which sets apart the bearer, it immediately becomes subject to change.

"Various factors induce the attachment of special significances that bring about changes in names:

"A. Change may be affected from religious considerations. Because it implied Irish extraction and hence allegiance to Catholicism, the Celtic surnominal prefix O was taboo on the Allegheny frontier. One early pioneer went so far as to have written into court records an apology he received for having been wrongly endowed with an O' name....

“Today, in certain regions of West Virginia, Kelley, Murphey, and Rian are the traditional ‘Protestant’ spellings, while their counterparts, Kelly, Murphy, and Ryan, are looked upon as ‘Catholic.’

“B. Change may be affected from political considerations. The restrictions placed upon settlement in northwestern Virginia are reflected in surname change. Fear that an influx of Pennsylvania Germans would loosen Virginia’s claim to the region led a Monongalia court, in May, 1772, to decree that ‘no Bedford County people are by any agreement made after this date (to) be allowed to homestead any land West of the Monongalo River, from the Lakes to the Greenbrier.....’

“C. Change may be effected from social considerations. In the newly awakened social consciousness of the nineteenth century, not a few names came to represent, indirectly, meaningful significations or to possess meaning within themselves as words. Illustrative of the former are the names ‘Croston,’ ‘Male,’ and ‘Newman’ which in one region are exclusively used by the people called Guineas; and the labels are freely spoken of as ‘guinea names.’ In another community, ‘Cross’ has come to signify Negro blood in a predominantly white strain.

“Other local conditions sometimes attach opprobrium to names. Circumstances of indolence, poverty, and even ignorance may so color a name that, in time, the name and the state become synonymous. One family informally changed ‘Hawkinberry’ to ‘Hillberry’ in the hope, no doubt, that reproach would fade with the name. For the same reason ‘Mike’ was changed to ‘Michael.’

“In the late nineteenth century there began a fashion in surnames that has seen the shifting of accent from first to second syllable in a number of disyllabic names. This phonetic alteration, which does not always extend to orthography, apparently was motivated by a sense of social consciousness and took place at a time when a corresponding shift was under way in such common nouns as *garage*, *restaurant*, and *chauffeur*.

“D. Change may be effected from considerations of personal safety. What must have been the most common type of intentional name change in the eighteenth century—that proceeding from a desire to conceal identity—is the one least frequently discernible; for seldom did the advantage of lifting the veil of anonymity, especially for public record; outweigh the expedience of keeping it lowered.....”

ASHCRAFT—English origin. The components are Old English *aesc* “ash” and Old English *croft* “field”. Bardsley says: “Seemingly a Norfolk surname....It is quite clear also that a Lancashire family are sprung from a place named Ashcroft in that county” (Bardsley, Charles W. *A Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames*, London, 1901)

BENNETT—English. Patronymic, “The son of Bennet, i.e. Benedict. While Furness Abbey was under the Benedictine Order, Bennet was one of the commonest of the baptismal names in the surrounding district. (Bardsley, 94).

FISHER—English or German. Occupational. Fisherman from Middle English (*fischere*), Old English (*fiscere*) or from German *Fischer*. *The font name “Jacob” on the Allegheny frontier is not exclusively German, but it is used more frequently with German than with English surnames.*

Source: Mockler, William E. *West Virginia Surnames, The Pioneers*. McClain Printing Company, 1973, pages 31—36.

STOUT—Stought. Stoots. Statts. (1) English. Descriptive. “Stout was once a familiar surname in counties Lancaster and York. It is now somewhat rare in England but flourishes in America.” (Bardsley, 721). (2) German. Local. The name above, especially the latter instances, may represent a German form such as *Stadt* “city” or *Statt* “stead” “place.” Jonathan Stout was on Simpson Creek in 1772. Thomas Stought was on Elk Creek in 1774. Joseph and Elijah Stoots were among heads of families for Monon. Co. ca 1784.

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Our State Song

“The state song of West Virginia: *The West Virginia Hills* was written by Mrs. Ellen King while visiting the home of her father, Captain Stephen S. Ruddell, who resided on Main Street, Glenville. Mrs. King was the wife of Dr. D. H. King, a Presbyterian minister of Vineland, New Jersey. The song was composed in 1885, while Dr. and Mrs. King were on their honeymoon at Glenville. The poem was published in a Glenville newspaper. Mr. N.E. Engle of Loydsville, Braxton County, seeing the verses in the paper, composed the chorus to the lines and wrote the music. The song was destined to become one of the most popular state songs in the nation. (History 3).

It was designated as the official state song in 1961. The other three official state songs are: "This is My West Virginia", "West Virginia, My Home Sweet Home", and "Take Me Home, Country Roads (Almost Heaven, West Virginia), which is the last officially accepted state song, recognized in March 2014. ("West Virginia State Songs")

Words by Mrs. Ellen King,
Music by H. E. Engle

1. Oh, the West Virginia hills! How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory, Like our Prince Immanuel's Land!
Is it any wonder then, That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones On those West Virginia hills?

CHORUS:



Oh, the hills, beautiful hills, How I love those West Virginia hills!

If o'er sea o'er land I roam, Still I'll think of happy home,
And my friends among the West Virginia hills.

2. Oh, the West Virginia hills! Where my childhood hours were
passed,
Where I often wandered lonely, And the future tried to cast;

Many are our visions bright, Which the future ne'er fulfills;
But how sunny were my daydreams On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

3. Oh, the West Virginia hills! How unchang'd they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed skyward To the Great Almighty's Land!
Many changes I can see, Which my heart with sadness fills;
But no changes can be noticed In those West Virginia hills.

CHORUS

4. Oh, the West Virginia hills! I must bid you now adieu.
In my home beyond the mountains I shall ever dream of you;
In the evening time of life, If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision Of those West Virginia hills. (Lyrics)

Works Cited

Gilmer County West Virginia History 1845—1989. S.E. Grose & Associates, Inc., 1994.
Lyrics: <https://www.lyricsondemand.com/miscellaneouslyrics/statesongslyrics/westvirginiastatesonglyrics.html>

"West Virginia State Songs." <http://wvstatemuseum.wv.gov/West%20virginia%20hills.html>
(submitted by Carol White)

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

In Memory of Coach Beecher E. Reed

The beauty in a coverlet
Is so hard to define.
The many pieces, cut so perfect,
Stand so all alone.
The many threads that bind them
Are just small, tiny lines.
These threads move in all directions
And hold the pieces tight.
Their separateness dissolves into nothing
And a beautiful coverlet is born.

In life, children are the pieces
That stand so all alone
Until someone sews the threads of life
And binds them into one.
These threads of love flow in all directions

And this binding is called a team.
 These children look up in awe and respect
 To this someone we called Coach Reed.
 --By Mary Ann Maxwell Radabaugh, 1993.

Beecher E. Reed was coach at Tanner High School (Gilmer County) from 1948-1956. He was all-tournament in basketball at Glenville State College 1942—46. Glenville state won the state tournament in 1942, and they were WVIAC Conference champions in 1942 and 1943. Beecher was drafted into the army September 1, 1942. When he taught at Tanner, he made sure each ball player and cheerleader had a way home after away ball games. He and Jesse Bell, Jr. (principal from 1949—52) went in all three directions taking students home before going in the direction of Glenville to their own homes.

Source: Radabaugh, Mary Ann. *Our West Virginia Story*

XX

"A Child with a Trigger Thumb"

"It was the day after Thanksgiving and in the middle of deer hunting season. The patient had a trigger thumb. Not his trigger finger to be sure. He had awakened that morning and there it was, a thumb that was bent and could not be straightened. He was not in any pain. He was only two years old.

"My knowledge of any trigger finger was limited to the one case of a railroad express employee at 12th Street Station in Chicago in 1946. He had traumatized his hand on the edge of boxes and caused a bruise of the tendon sheath of the right index finger. That Railroad express worker in 1946 had the swollen sheath cut and the blood and fluid were drained off.

"But I had never heard of a trigger finger on a small child. I examined eighteen books at St. Joseph's Hospital and, in the nineteenth; I found that a trigger thumb on a bay is a congenital defect. The sheath doesn't grow, although the baby and the tendon grow. It is like putting a ring on a bay's finger; the baby and his finger grow but not the ring. The ring needs to be cut.

"The little lad returned to his home in North Carolina where, at Duke Hospital, the surgeon made two one-quarter inch incisions over the sheath at the junction of the metacarpal bone of the hand where it meets the proximal bone in the thumb.

"Will the two-year-old lad return to hunt in West Virginia? Yes, indeed. Some say he was just warming up his trigger finger."

Source: Almond, Harold D., M.D. *The Stories of a West Virginia Doctor*. McClain Printing Co., 2006. We do sell this book in the library! Interesting history and reading!

NICHOLAS CARPENTER Part 3

LAND GRANT

DATED 1 MAY 1784

Nicholas Car-
 penter 1700 or
 Monongalia
 crossed

Benjamin Harrison Esquire Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia To all to whom these presents shall come greeting
 Knowe that by virtue of a certificate in right of Settlement
 given by the Commissioners for adjusting the Titles to unpatented
 lands in the district of Monongalia & Potomac & Ohio & in
 consideration of the ancient Composition of Two pounds Sterling
 paid by Nicholas Carpenter into the Treasury of this Common-
 wealth, there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto
 the said Nicholas Carpenter certain Tract or parcel of
 land containing Four hundred acres by Survey bearing
 date the Twentieth day of February one Thousand Seven hun-
 dred and Eighty Three lying and being in the County
 of Monongalia on the West Side, opposite the Mouth
 of Elk Including his Settlement made thereon in the

485.

year 1772 and Bounded as follows To wit Beginning
 at the River a little above the Mouth of Elk. and running
 North fifty two degrees West seventy eight poles to a black oak
 North thirty degrees East Two hundred and sixty six poles
 crossing a ridge to a dogwood Make, North sixty one degrees East
 thirty poles. South sixty degrees East sixty six poles to the
 River and up the River with its Meanders to the Beginning
 with its appurtenances To have and To hold the said Tract or
 parcel of land with its appurtenances to the said Nicholas
 Carpenter and his heirs for ever In witness whereof the said Ben-
 jamin Harrison Esquire Governor of the Commonwealth of
 Virginia hath himself set his hand and caused the Seper-
 ated of the said Commonwealth To be affixed at Richmond
 on the first day of May in the year of our Lord one Thou-
 sand seven hundred and Eighty four and of the Comm-
 onwealth the Eighth Benjamin Harrison

Source: Library of Virginia Online.

http://lva1.hosted.exlibrisgroup.com/F/T1A3VS1CM2YLQTTEDF7NDLGCTIXMXH5YHGKDS2HYYNXP364YS-40679?func=full-set-set&set_number=000379&set_entry=000021&format=999

NICHOLAS CARPENTER LAND GRANT
DATED 25 OCTOBER 1786

Nicholas Patrick Henry esquire Governor of the Com-
 2^d 43^{ans}
 Commonwealth of Virginia To all to whom these presents
 shall come greeting: Know ye, that by virtue and
 in Consideration of part of a land office Treasury War-
 rant Number two thousand three hundred and twenty five
 issued the sixteenth day of October one thousand seven
 hundred and Eighty two there is granted by the said
 Commonwealth unto Nicholas Carpenter certain Tract
 or parcel of land containing two hundred and forty three
 acres by Survey bearing date the third day of December
 one thousand seven hundred and eighty five lying and
 being in the County of Harrison on both sides of the
 middle fork of the Mule Creek and Bounded as
 followeth.

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followeth to Wit, Beginning at a sugar tree and
 Running thence North forty nine degrees West one hundred
 and six poles crossing said fork to a Cucumber tree North
 eighty eight degrees West one hundred and forty eight
 poles to a Sugar tree South seventy nine degrees West
 one hundred poles to a Poplar South forty seven de-
 grees West forty poles to a white oak South Eighty
 seven degrees West fifty poles to a Poplar South
 Twenty two degrees East one hundred and twenty poles
 to a white oak North twenty seven degrees East three
 hundred and twenty poles to the Beginning with
 its appurtenances to have and to hold the said tract or
 Parcel of Land with its Appurtenances to the said
 Nicholas Scarpenter and his Heirs for ever. In Wit-
 ness whereof the said Patrick Henry esquire Govern-
 nor of the Commonwealth of Virginia hath hereunto
 set his Hand and Caused the Great Seal of the
 said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond
 on the twenty fifth day of October in the year of our
 Lord one thousand seven hundred and

44.
 Eighty six and of the Commonwealth the
 Eleventh.
Derry.

Source: Library of Virginia Online.

http://lva1.hosted.exlibrisgroup.com/F/T1A3VS1CM2YLQTTEDF7NDLGCTIXMXH5YHG XKDS2HYYNXP364YS-41839?func=full-set-set&set_number=000379&set_entry=000019&format=999

PHOTOGRAPH OF NICHOLAS CARPENTER HOME

Photo taken from Davis, Dorothy. *History of Harrison County West Virginia*. Clarksburg, West Virginia: American Association of University Women, 1970. It does not identify exactly which Nicholas Carpenter owned this home.



Nicholas Carpenter house, 512 Milford Street, Clarksburg. Posed in front of the house are left to right: Mary Temple Stealey, Charles T. Stealey, Eunice Stealey (Babb), Elizabeth Stealey (Barlow), Lelia Stealey, Irvin Ray Stealey, Joseph E. Stealey, Ethel Stealey (Dickson), John E. Stealey. The Stealey children performed for many years in a musical band directed by their father.

CONTEMPORARY NEWS OF CARPENTER MASSACRE

These contemporary accounts shed light on how prominent Nicholas Carpenter was in frontier Virginia.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OR UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE

From July to December 1791

"Richmond, November 11. By a gentleman from Kentucky we are informed, that the Indians, on the fourth of last month, fired on a party of six men, who were driving a parcel of cattle to the Muskingum settlement; killed four, wounded one, and took one prisoner; the wounded man escaped, who had many bullet holes shot through his clothes. . . Among the number killed, was a Mr. Nicholas Carpenter, who has left a family to bemoan his loss." (Carpenter . . ., p. 36)

CALENDAR OF VIRGINIA STATE PAPERS AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS

July 2, 1790 to August 10, 1792

"October 19th., Harrison County BENJ. WILSON TO COL. JOHN P. DUVAL.

"Discovering signs that the Indians who killed Carpenter and others, were going toward the West Fork, and thus that the inhabitants of that region were in great danger, and believing that a few active and reliable scouts would make the best defense of the exposed people, he directed the Captain of the frontier to send out ten scouts, for a few days, until the arrival of Col. Duvall at Clarksburg. Hopes Col. Duvall will apply to the government for their pay, as scouts are so important to the defense of the exposed frontiers." (Ibid., p. 36)

NOVEM. 27TH. JOHN P. DUVAL, COUNTY LIEUTENANT OF HARRISON COUNTY, TO GOVERNOR BEVERLY RANDOLPH

Richmond, November 27, 1791

Sir – The exposed situation and frequent Depredations which is committed in the County of Harrison by the savages, constrains me to lay before your excellency the distressed situation of the frontiers of the said County.

On the 4th of last month a party of Indians fired on a party of men who were driving a drove of cattle to the Muskingum settlements, and within five or six miles thereof they kill'd four persons, took one prisoner & wounded one; one of the party only escaped who had several Balls shot through his clothes.

A few days before they fell on this party, they killed a man near the Hock-hocking, and took a negro boy from the Little Kanawha, who at the time of the attack on the Drovers, made his escape.

Sir, We have frequent information of hostilities being committed on some part of the Ohio or other. No protection is to be had from the Federal Government, they supposing the present expedition (St. Clair's) to be a protection to us, which is a mistaken idea, as I consider it as an injury rather than a protection at this time, as no doubt but they may suppose we are off our guard depending on the success of the campaign, which is truly the case.

There are at this time a number of scouts out, although without my authority, but your excellency will see the necessity of the measure by the enclosed papers.

I must beg leave further to inform you that in February 1790, I was called on by the frontiers of the county for protection, as there appeared to be great danger at that time, and for my own justification I called a council of the officers of Militia, whose result was that I should order out eight (8) scouts, which I accordingly did, and at the same time the council requested of me to go in person to the President at new York, which I also did, but received no instructions from the Board of War until the 2nd of May, which I could wish your interference in order to get them paid, which favor will be greatly acknowledged by, Sir, Yours Excellencies Most obedient and humble servant,

John P. Duvall

(Haymond, pp. 117-118)

AN EXCERPT FROM THE WILL OF JAMES NEIL

(Frank was the negro boy who was involved in the Carpenter Massacre)

2nd. In consideration of the faithful services of my slave named Frank, it is my will and desire that he should be emancipated and rest to that freedom & liberty which the God of nature gave him.

3rd. I give and bequeath to my son James H. Neil the lot of ground whereon I now live with the apperences for the use and benefit of my said slave Frank during his natural life with the remainder to my daughter Mary Foley to her and her heirs forever. But it is also my will that the said Mary Foley shall at all times have the use and benefit of the fruit trees planted thereon at this time.

4th. I give and bequeath to my said slave all my farming utensils during his life and then to my said daughter Mary Foley.

5th. I give and bequeath unto my said slave one gray mare his life time to may said daughter and her heirs.

This will probated Wood County, April term 1821.
(Carpenter . . . , p. 37.)

“DEATH OF NICHOLAS CARPENTER AND FOUR MEN”

By Dr. Samuel Prescott Hildreth as related in his book, *Pioneer History*, pages 300-304)

The year 1791 was more fruitful in tragical events than any other during the war, in the vicinity of Marietta. After that period the attention of the Indians was more occupied with the troops assembled on the borders of their own country, or all ready penetrating to the vicinity of their own villages. The United States troops stationed at the posts within the new settlements, drew a considerable of their meat rations from the inhabitants of the western branches of the Monongahela, about Clarksburgh, especially their fresh beef. Several droves had been brought from that region of country in 1790 and '91, and sold to Paul Fearing, Esq., who had been appointed commissary to the troops. A considerable number of cattle, especially milk cows, were also sold to the inhabitants of Marietta. Among those engaged in this employment was Nicholas Carpenter, a worthy, pious man, who had lived many years on the frontiers and was well acquainted with forest life. He left Clarksburgh the last of Spetember, with a drove, accompanied by his little son, ten years old, and five other men, viz.: Jesse Hughes, George Legit, John Paul, Barnes, and Ellis. On the evening of the 3d of October, they had reached a point six miles above Marietta, and encamped on a run half a mile from the Ohio, and since called, “Carpenter’s run.” The cattle were suffered to range in the vicinity, feeding on the rich pea vines that then filled the woods, while the horses were hopped, the leaves pulled out from around the clappers of their bells, and turned loose in the bottom. After eating their suppers, the party spread their blankets on the ground and lay down with their feet to the fire. No guard as set to watch the approach of an enemy. Their journey being so near finished, without discovering any signs of Indians, that they thought all danger was past.

It so happened that not far from the time of their leaving home, a party of six Shawanese Indians, headed as was afterwards ascertained, by Tecumseh, then quite a youth, but ultimately so celebrated for bravery and talents, had crossed the Ohio river near Belleville, on a marauding expedition in the vicinity of Clarksburgh. From this place they passed over the ridges to “Neil’s Station,” on the Little Kenawha, one mile from the mouth, where they took a prisoner a colored boy of Mr. Neil, about twelve years old, as he was out looking for the horses early in the morning. It was done without alarming the garrison, and they quietly proceeded on their route, doing no other mischief; pursuing their way up the Kenawha to the mouth of Hughes’s river, and following the North Fork, fell onto the trail from Clarksburgh to Marietta. This took them about three days. There was no rain, and the leaves so dry that their rustling alarmed the deer, and they could kill no game for food. Their only nourishment for that period was a single tortoise, which they divided among them, giving Frank, the black boy, an equal share. As he was much exhausted and discouraged, they promised him a horse to ride on their return. These circumstances were related by Frank after his escape.

Soon after leaving the north fork of Hughes's river, they fell onto the trail of Carpenter's drove, and thinking it made by a caravan of settlers on their way to the Ohio, they held a short council. Giving up a farther progress towards Clarksburgh they turned with renewed energy and high spirits upon the fresh large trail, which they perceived had very recently been made. So broad was the track made by the cattle and four or five horses that they followed it without difficulty, at a rapid pace all night, and came in sight of the camp fire a little before daylight. Previous to commencing the attack, they secured Frank with leather thongs to a stout sapling on the top of an adjacent ridge. The trampling of the cattle and the noise of the horse bells greatly favored the Indians in their approach, but as there were no sentinels there was little danger of discovery. Tecumseh, with the cautious cunning that ever distinguished him, posted his men behind the trunk of a large fallen tree, a few yards from the camp, where they could watch the movements of their enemies.

At the first dawn of day, Mr. Carpenter called up the men, saying they would commence the day with the accustomed acts of devotion which he had long practiced. As the men sat around the fire, and he had just commenced reading a hymn, the Indians rose and fired, following the discharge with a terrific yell, and they rushed upon the astonished victims with the tomahawk. Their fire was not very well directed, as it killed only one man, Ellis from Greenbrier, and wounded John Paul through the hand. Ellis instantly fell, exclaiming, "O Lord, I am killed!" The others sprang to their feet, and before they could all get their arms which were leaning against a tree, the Indians were among them. Hughes, who had been an old hunter and often in skirmishes with the savages, in his haste seized two rifles, Carpenter's and his own, and pushed into the woods, with two Indians in pursuit. He fired one of the guns, but whether with effect is not known, and threw the other one away. Being partly dressed at the time of the attack, his long leggings were only fastened to the belt around the waist and were loose below, entangling his legs, and greatly impeding his flight. To rid himself of this encumbrance he stopped for a moment, placed his foot on the lower end, and tore them loose from his belt, leaving his legs bare from the hips downward. This delay nearly cost him his life. His pursuer, then within a few feet of him, threw his tomahawk so accurately as to graze his head. Freed from this impediment he soon left his foe far behind. Christopher Carpenter, the son of Nicholas, now living in Marietta, says he well remembers seeing the bullet holes in Hughes's hunting shirt after his return.

In the race the competitors passed near the spot where Frank was concealed, who described it as one of the swiftest he had ever seen. John Paul, who had been in many engagements with the Indians, escaped by his activity in running. Burns, a stout athletic man, but slow of foot, was slain near the camp after a stout resistance. When found a few days after his jack knife was still clasped in his hand, and the weeds trampled down for a rod or more around, showing that he had resisted manfully for life. George Legit was pursued for nearly two miles, overtaken and killed. Mr. Carpenter, although a brave man, was without arms to defend himself, and being lame could not run rapidly; he therefore sought to conceal himself behind some willows in the bed of the run. He was soon discovered, with his little boy by his side. His captors conducted him to the spot where the black boy had been left, and killed both him and his son.

What led to the slaughter, after they had surrendered, is not known. He was found wrapped up in his blanket, with a pair of new Indian moccasins on his feet, and his scalp not removed. It is supposed that these marks of respect were shown him at the request of one of the Indians whose gun Carpenter had repaired at Marietta the year before, and had declined any compensation for his service. He was by trade a gunsmith. This circumstance was told to C. Carpenter, many years afterwards, by one of the Indians who was present, at Urbana, in Ohio. It is another proof of the fact, that an Indian never forgets an act of kindness, even in an enemy.

Tecumseh and his men, after collecting the plunder of the camp, retreated in such haste, that they left all the horses, which had probably dispersed in the woods at the tumult of the attack. They no doubt feared a pursuit from the Rangers at Marietta and Williams's station, who would soon be notified by the escape of their prisoner, Frank, who in the midst of the noise of the assault contrived to slip his hands loose from the cords, and hide himself in a thick patch of hazel bushes, from which he saw a part of the transactions. After the Indians had left the ground, he crept cautiously forth, and by good fortune took the right direction to Williams's station, opposite to Marietta. A party of men was sent out the next day, who buried the dead, as far as they could be found. Frank returned to his master, and died only a few years since.

(Note by Mrs. Warren Reed of Williamstown, whose ancestors, the Ingrams, later had a saw mill near where the massacre occurred, wrote, "It was on the John Sharp Homestead a short distance from the house." A Mr. Sharp, who lives below Waverley said, "He thought the massacre occurred near the house where William Hively lives." The Hively home is not more than one half mile above the old Sharp Homestead.)

http://books.google.com/books?id=yak6sfwDB5gC&pg=PA300&lpg=PA300&dq=hildreth+account+nicholas+carpenter&source=bl&ots=Gu15-clisE&sig=yzCFotwAU_mD9YG4A6He4aETLbA&hl=en&ei=kzJ1TKyKBsG78gaPnMyeBg&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=1&ved=0CBIQ6AEwAA#v=onepage&q&f=false

Sign Painter Clark Byers 1915-2004

He was hired to paint ads on barns. A barn would be painted free if the owner allowed the ad to be part of the job. He is famous for painting over 900 barns in 19 states with the slogan "See Rock City" from 1935 to 1969

In this photo taken in the 1950s, Clark Byers is shown next to a barn he painted west of Chattanooga, Tenn.

A native of Trenton, Georgia, Byers started painting advertising on barns in the American South and Midwest for the Rock City attraction atop Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. Rock City's owners offered barn owners a free paint job and Rock City souvenirs in exchange for allowing Byers to place a marketing message on their barns.

Because the barns came in various shapes and sizes, each sign was different, but all featured white lettering on a black background, executed in freehand. The number of words and their arrangement varied, based on the size and shape of the barn. On larger barns, Byers might have painted "See 7 States from ROCK CITY atop Lookout Mt. near Chattanooga, Tenn." and on smaller barns, just "See Beautiful ROCK CITY today."

Byers' efforts led to Rock City, Lookout Mountain, and Chattanooga becoming a national tourist destination. Clark Byers, who for three decades painted "See Rock City" on more than 900 barns from Michigan to Florida.

Born in Alabama, Mr. Byers worked in a cotton mill and bottled buttermilk for \$3 a week before he was hired in 1936 by a Chattanooga, Tenn., advertiser who hoped to lure motorists to Rock City Gardens, a tourist attraction of rock formations in the nearby Georgia mountains, by painting slogans on barn roofs.

Equipped with paint, chalk, brushes, ropes and two helpers, Mr. Byers drove the highways looking for barns to carry slogans like "To Miss Rock City Would Be a Pity" and "See 7 States From Rock City." Willing barn owners got a free paint job, Rock City bathmats and thermometers for their trouble, according to The Associated Press. Those who wanted more than knickknacks were paid about \$5.

Mr. Byers braved charging bulls, slippery roofs and lightning bolts to get the job done. "His message became a national brand for Rock City Gardens," said Bill Chapin, president of See Rock City Inc., which owns and operates the gardens.

Allen Tullos, a professor of American studies at Emory University in Atlanta, said Mr. Byers's work was "classic testimonial advertising that builds its truth on such trustworthy everyday objects such as barns and birdhouses. These are familiar objects that you could not distrust at any time. It's like a testimonial from your neighbor."

After his barn painting stint, Mr. Byers owned Sequoyah Caverns and Campground in Alabama before retiring to his farm. His daughter said he spent his spare time painting the occasional sign for a church or high school ballfield, hunting raccoons, watching University of Alabama football and playing golf at least once a week.

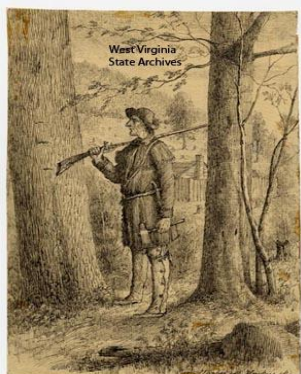
'My dad never had any aspirations to be famous," said Mrs. Newgard, of Trenton. "He loved Rock City Gardens and enjoyed what he did for them for 30 years. He was proud of his work and very particular about it."

He was so particular, Mrs. Newgard said, that he often bristled when he saw paintings that reproduced his barns. Her father painted his letters freehand, and never thought that artists depicted his letters well.

"He'd say, 'That's not good. My lettering was better than that.' " she said.

Submitted by HCPD member George Long

HACKER'S CREEK IN BARBOUR COUNTY AND HOW IT CONNECTS WITH LEWIS COUNTY HACKERS' CREEK



Compiled by Elaine Allman Coulter

September 8, 2021

Bertha L Allman (my mother) asked me to help Hackers Creek Pioneer Descendants Genealogy Library in their efforts to obtain grant monies, to provide evidence of the historical connection between Barbour County Hackers Creek and Lewis County Hackers Creek. I will admit that trying to find the perfect piece of historic evidence linking John Hacker, Pioneer, to Barbour County may not exist or was beyond my abilities. However, I can site references and publications that suggest that it is true.

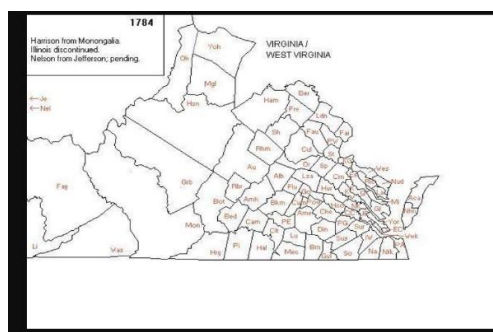
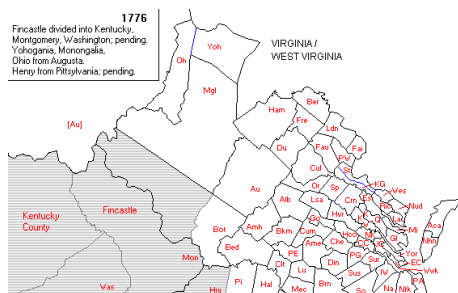
1. The historic maps of the Counties of Virginia and West Virginia show how the county boundaries changed over time.

In 1734 Orange County Virginia, included all of West Virginia and Kentucky. Colonial exploration into far western Virginia was triggered by land speculators. They obtained large land grants from the king, then sought to survey and sell parcels to the growing population in the colonies. The gentry of Virginia and Pennsylvania coerced their colonial governments and Native Americans into making land speculation "legal," then

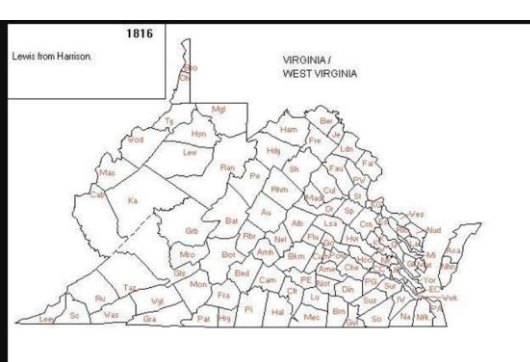
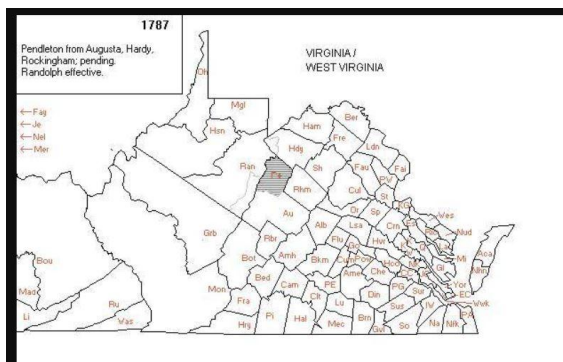


sponsored expeditions to explore, hype, and sell western lands. Settlers migrated first from Pennsylvania into the Shenandoah River Valley, then others kept walking south to occupy the Holston River valley and other tributaries of the Tennessee River. In 1734, the General Assembly of Virginia created Orange

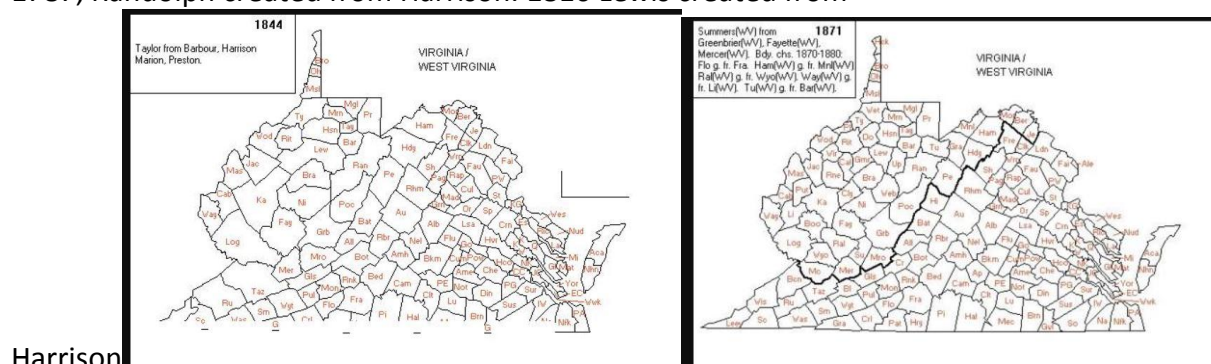
County, the first local government with boundaries that extended west of the Blue Ridge. That county was subdivided in 1738, and its land west of the Blue Ridge was incorporated into Augusta and Frederick counties. Enough settlers arrived finally to start actual county court operations in Frederick County in 1743, and in Augusta County in 1745. The undefined western border of Augusta County was not a problem. ***There were few long hunters and fur traders west of the Allegheny Front, and they required minimal support for documenting land claims or resolving disputes in court.***¹⁵



1776, Monongalia County was created by Virginia from Hampshire and West Augusta District. 1784, Harrison was created from Monongalia.



1787, Randolph created from Harrison. 1816 Lewis created from



Harrison

1843 Barbour created from Harrison, Lewis, and Randolph, 1844 Taylor created from Barbour, Harrison, and Marion, 1851 Upshur created from Barbour, Lewis, and Randolph

Therefore, Barbour County was indeed part of Harrison, Lewis, and Randolph before 1843.

Maps from WVGenweb.org

2. Information from History Books

John and Samuel Pringle lived on the South Branch of the Potomac River in what is now the eastern Panhandle of West Virginia when they enlisted in the army and served in the British Garrison at Ft. Pitt during the French and Indian War. In 1761, they deserted along with William Childers and Joe Linsey and wandered in the wilderness around the Monongahela and Youghiogheny Rivers. Childers and Linsey were captured at Looney's Creek. John and Samuel escaped and eventually followed the Tygart Valley and reached the Buckhannon River and Turkey Run. They took up residence in a sycamore tree and lived there until 1767 when John went back to the South Branch and learned that the war was over. He returned to the sycamore tree to give Samuel the news. They then returned to the Wappotomaka (South Branch) and told their story.² Among those hearing the story were William and John Hacker, Alexander Sleeth whose sister Margaret was John Hacker's wife (1765) John Jackson and his sons, George and Edward and Jesse Hughes, John and William Radcliff and John Brown. Led by Samuel Pringle, fall of 1768, some of the above-mentioned men made the journey and chose to settle there. John Hacker, the Sleeths and Jacksons were home seekers. The others were hunters and explorers. During their explorations they discovered the West Fork River and Hacker's Creek. With the coming of these early pioneers, the settlement of the valleys of the West Fork River and its tributaries was begun. ***Land claims would not be recognized by the Virginia government until 1781, The Hackers Creek area remained a part of Harrison until 1818 when the new county of Lewis was formed.***¹⁰

Duplication of Place Names -from Violet Gadd Coonts "The Western Waters; Early Settlers of Eastern Barbour County, West Virginia – Current maps of present Barbour County depict two

Hacker's Creeks on the west side of the Tygart Valley River – a Hacker's Creek and a Little Hacker's Creek both tributaries of the Tygart Valley River. Another Hacker's Creek, a tributary of the West Fork River, runs through present Lewis and Upshur Counties. The Hacker's Creek that flows into the West Fork River became widely known due to the writings of William Hacker, a son of John Hacker, an early settler on the creek. Some events William Hacker described may have happened on Hacker's Creek, Barbour County, on which John Hacker, Jr., William's brother owned land.

3. Interesting things from Hardesty, Maxwell, McWhorter, and others about Pleasant Creek district of Barbour County which contains Hackers Creek

Pleasant district lies in the northern part of the county and is bounded north by Taylor County, east by Cove and Philippi districts, and west by Elk district and Harrison County. The surface is diversified; the soil is fertile and much of it is under a high state of cultivation. But it is not in arable lands or grazing farms that the chief source of wealth is found, but rather in the immense deposits of iron and coal which abound in every portion of the district, and which ages of the most active industry cannot exhaust. Much of this vast source of wealth still lies in an undeveloped state, but the day is not far distant when this must become a great mining center. The high percentage of its ores and the especial adaptability of its coals to smelting purposes, and its communication with the outside world by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, must render it a region which ere long will attract the attention of capitalists, when its development will be but a question of time.

Geography

There are several small streams; Pleasant creek rises on the farm of Hamilton G. Bartlett, flows in an easterly direction, and empties into the Valley River; its length is seven miles, the entire course being through cultivated farms. Bartletts run has its source on the farm of J. Peppers; it has an easterly course and falls into Simpson's creek at Fairview; length one and one-half miles. Bakers run also flows into Simpson's creek at Point Pleasant church. **Hackers run rises on the farm of J. Corders near King Knob, flows east and discharges its waters into the Valley River. Its length is four and one-half miles. Mitchells run, three and one-half miles in length, empties into the Valley River five miles below Philippi. They derive their name from the earliest settlers upon its banks.**

Hacker Creek, Hacker Valley, Hacker Camp, Hacker Lick and Hacker Branch are examples of sites named by John Hacker after events that occurred there. For example, On Buffalo Lick at the forks of Elk River, which is now Webster Sulphur Springs, Hacker shot and crippled a buffalo cow. Several springs issued from the bluffs, differing in taste, nonpalatable, but drew buffalo, elk, and deer in large numbers. Hacker Valley, found in Webster County and Holly River State Park. Hackers Camp gave shelter from rainstorms in a dry and comfortable cave in a cliff.

“Hacker made a ‘tomahawk-entry’ at the lick where the buffalo cow was killed. Hacker was reported to make a ‘tomahawk-entry’ at each of the camps.”²

Post Office

The first post office of Pleasant Creek, established in 1840, at Harvey Woodford's store, on the pike leading from Philippi to Pruntytown in Taylor County. Josiah M. Davidson was the first postmaster. It remained here until 1864, when it was removed to the residence of Abraham McDaniel, who is the present postmaster. **Hackersville** post office situated on the Fairmont and Beverly turnpike, nine miles south of Webster station, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and three miles west of Philippi, was established on the fifth day of May 1853. **John W. Corder was the first and is the present postmaster. (Remember J Corder mentioned earlier under Geography, Hackers Run rises on his property)**

4. People of interest

*Found one William Hacker aged twenty-five, wife Polly age 24 and child Arnetha age 2 listed in 1860 US Federal Census Barbour County, Virginia. He was a farmer. The value of real estate was 1400. The value of Personal estate was 246. There are no other records of William and Polly Hacker.¹² A search of William Hacker of Barbour County using Ancestry.com did not yield further results. I suspect he may have enlisted to serve in the Civil War. (I also suspect that he is a relative of the Lewis Hacker families)

*Found one George Hacker aged thirty-six born in Germany, living in Webster, WV in 1870. George was a blacksmith. He was married to Mary, age 31, with sons John and James ages 2yr and 9 months. George is the son of Thomas Sleeth Hacker and Charlotte Hess.¹² (George is the great grandson of John Hacker)

*Record of Thomas Alonzo Law born on Hacker's Creek, Lewis County in 1858 married to Rozaltha Cleavenger, resided on Simpson's Creek. He imported Aberdeen-Angus cattle into northern Barbour County where he moved in 1893.⁹ (Thomas Law is my great grand Uncle.)

*According to Hu Maxwell's history of Barbour County, the name Talbott was well known and respected as landowners, businessmen, and early settlers of Barbour County. It appears that Mr. Maxwell was paying tribute to prominent names in the Family History section of his book. It is also evident that the Lewis County Hackers Creek prominent families were worthy of note. In the following excerpt, The Talbott family marries a daughter Bersheba (This spelling is on her tombstone in Point Pleasant Baptist Church Cemetery) to the descendant of David Smith and Sarah Hacker.

*Bessheba M. Smith, born 1847 on Hacker's Creek, daughter of Silas and Sarah (McKinney) Talbott, (Mr. Talbott died Feb 7, 1877, and buried in the Mount Olive Old School Baptist Church Cemetery) was married August 27, 1872, to Levi J.B. Smith, son of John and Mary (Swisher) Smith. (This Smith and Swisher family descend from early settlers of Lewis County Hacker's Creek) Their son, Esker T. was born Aug 9, 1873. Eighteen months later her husband died, and she moved with her son to Barbour County, and now resides on Baker's Run. She has been a member of the Baptist Church since 1863. Levi Smith served six months in the Union Army, being discharged at Wheeling in 1864. His father was John Smith who was born in 1796; his grandfather was also John Smith and was of Irish parentage. Mrs. Smith has been an invalid

since 1888. She owns forty-five acres of highly improved land underlaid with coal. David Smith was born October 29, 1773, died November 7, 1864, was of English descent, born in New Jersey. He was Justice of the Peace, captain of Militia (Militia) and Sheriff of Lewis County. He married Sarah Hacker, who was born June 24, 1775, and died 1855. She was of Irish descent. Their son, John Smith, was born October 24, 1796, and died October 12, 1880. He was a local preacher over fifty years. On January 28, 1819, he married Mary Swisher who was born November 4, 1801, and died May 29, 1878. Her father was Peter Swisher, native of Maryland, born March 11, 1777, died September 27, 1830, (killed by falling tree). On January 27, 1801, he married Susanna Rinehart, who was a native of Maryland, was born December 1, 1779, and died at the age of seventy-five.⁹ **(John Hacker is my fifth great grandfather and I am related to all the people named above except the Talbott's)**

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PRESS RELEASE

For Immediate Release

October 6, 2021

***Contact: Kyle
Warmack, 304-346-8500***

warmack@wvhumanities.org

SMITHSONIAN COMES TO WESTON

WESTON, WV — After a kick-off stint at Moorefield High School in Hardy County, the Smithsonian traveling exhibit *Crossroads: Change in Rural America* opened with a ribbon cutting at the Museum of American Glass in Weston this Wednesday, October 6.

The exhibit's stay in the Lewis County seat will be accompanied by over a month of original local programming. "The community of Weston has put together an amazing slate of exhibits, presentations, panels, and more," says Program Officer Kyle Warmack of the West Virginia Humanities Council, which is sponsoring the exhibit's tour through the state. "Anna Cardelli, the Weston Historic Landmark Commission, and the City of Weston have really found great ways to weave nearby history and culture into the exhibit's themes."

The exhibit examines the present-day turning point at which many rural American towns find themselves. Since the early 1900s, rural America has experienced significant changes in demographics, educational opportunities, access to services, and economic viability. Today, the population of the nation's rural areas is less than half of what it was in 1900, yet America's small towns continue to creatively focus on new opportunities for growth and development. Economic

innovation, including investment in cultural and creative economies, has helped many communities create their own renaissance.

A partial event list is below. Those interested in attending should check the Weston Historic Landmark Commission Facebook page at facebook.com/historicbuildingsmatter; contact Anna Cardelli at annakmitchell@gmail.com, (304) 594-6607; or call the City of Weston at (304) 269-6141 for more details. Dates, times, and locations may be subject to change. COVID precautions such as masking and social distancing are being observed at *Crossroads* events. Contact the Weston Historic Landmark Commission to learn more about any applicable health precautions.

The *Crossroads* tour is made possible through the Museum on Main Street (MOMS) program, an alliance of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, the Federation of State Humanities Councils, state humanities councils across the country, and cultural organizations in small, rural communities.

EVENTS

- 10/10 – 3pm, Holt Square on Main Ave. Heritage music by Dan Vaughn, Greg St. Clair & friends.
- 10/10 – 4-6pm, Trans-Allegheny Lunatic Asylum. Mental Health History in Lewis County panel discussion.
- 10/16 – 5pm, Louis Bennett Library, 148 Court Ave. Literary reading of local works.
- 10/16 – 3pm, Museum of American Glass parking lot, Main Ave. Appalachian square dancing with Rock Garton.
- 10/23 – 3pm, Museum of American Glass, Main Ave. Heritage fiber art demonstration with local artisan Julia Bragg.
- 10/29 and 10/30 – 12pm, 2:30pm, 5pm, Museum of American Glass, Main Ave. Guided downtown historic walking tours.
- 11/6 and 11/7 – 1pm, 133 Center Ave. Exchange Bank robbery historical reenactment.

- 11/6 and 11/7 – 9:30am-5pm, Holt Square on Main Ave. Living history encampment. Learn about a Civil War soldier's daily life.
- 11/6 and 11/7 – 11am, Trans-Allegheny Lunatic Asylum. Historic tea party as it might have been experienced in 1861 (tickets required).

ONGOING EVENTS

- Self Guided Historic Walking Tours / Use the Clio app to enjoy our 40 stop Clio walking tour across downtown Weston <https://www.theclio.com/tour/1774>
- Weston Historic Scavenger Hunt - Self guided scavenger hunt of historic downtown Weston. www.cityofwestonwv.com

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The West Virginia Humanities Council, an independent nonpartisan nonprofit, is the state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities. The Council is supported by the NEH, the State of West Virginia, and contributions from the private sector. The purposes of the West Virginia Humanities Council are educational, and its mission is to support a vigorous program in the humanities statewide in West Virginia.

Preface

THERE ARE MANY FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF THE PHILIPPI CIVIL WAR LAND BATTLE. LEGEND PERSISTS ALSO OF A SECRET, MYSTERIOUS MEETING BETWEEN JEFF DAVIS AND ABE LINCOLN ON THE COVERED BRIDGE DURING THE WAR.

PERCHED ON AN OVERHEAD RAFTER, A SMALL BOY SUPPOSEDLY SAW THEM IN SEPARATE CARRIAGES ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER ON THE BRIDGE.

THIS POEM IS PARTLY ABOUT THAT MEETING.

PLEASE RETURN WITH US ON A SPIN TO 1861, A FANTASY TRIP IN TIME; RELIVE THAT WAR SCENE, AND A MYSTERIOUS, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, AND, IT NEED NOT BE A FUTILE STRETCH OF OUR IMAGINATIONS, EITHER.

TO TEMPER OUR MAKE-BELIEVE ODYSSEY TO PHILIPPI BRIDGE JUNE 3, PLAY OUT SOME ACTUAL, COULD-HAVE-BEENS OF THAT WAR SCENE.

HOW DIFFERENT MIGHT THE BATTLE HAD BEEN

~ IF...THERE WAS NO DRENCHING RAIN TO LULL THE CONFEDERATE PICKETS ON WATCH;

~ IF...THE FLANKING FORCES WERE NOT TOO LATE TO ENCIRCLE THE FLEEING REBELS, AS PLANNED.

~ IF... THE ACCIDENTAL PISTOL SHOT HAD NOT BEEN FIRED, PREMATURELY SIGNALING THE UNION FORCES TO COMBAT BEFORE CONFEDERATE ESCAPE ROUTES WERE SEALED.

I HOPE YOU VIEW THIS BRIDGE LEGEND AS A LINK TO OUR FUTURE; A CHANCE TO LOOK AHEAD IN OUR OWN, PERSONAL LIVES AND REFLECT ON FUTURE CROSSROAD DECISIONS ...HOW THEY, i.e. CAREER CHOICES; JOB RELOCATIONS, etc. AFFECT FAMILY... YOUR LOVED ONES DOWN THE ROAD.

Robert Anderson
DR. ANDERSON

A Meeting at the Bridge

*Wet breezes drench faces, a stormy June night,
and give nary a warning of the next day's fight.
When pungent gunpowder will charge the air
and change lives forever of those fighting there.*

*The Philippi muster at the dawn's very first light,
Covered formations: Yanks' left bank; Rebs right.*

*It's the third of June in sixty-one
The first land battle has begun.
The strategic objective is not a ridge...
It's the cross-over potential of a covered bridge.*

*First rounds of cannon from College Hill
lob messages, forewarnings to those standing still.*

*"Keep your ranks! Hold your flanks! Protect the rear!"
young, makeshift recruits too frightened to know fear.
The bridge! the bridge! don't let 'em cross!
Hey! Johnny's retreating, a confederate loss.*



-photographer unknown

Submitted by Elaine Allman Coulter, HCPD Board Secretary

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Strader Family Memories

Written by John H. Frazier Submitted by HCPD member George Long

As a small child, I would always look forward to my cousin, Tom Strader, coming in to my grandparent's farm from his home in Ohio. His father, my Uncle Hartzel Strader, who was raised in Lewis County, went out of state to seek employment in the 1950s. during the 1950s, like many other decades before, there was a mass exodus of the young people of West Virginia to other states looking for employment. Many of his generation left, as had the aunt and uncles who went there in another exodus of the 1920s for the same reason. But there is something in these mountains that always beckoned them back home. When aunts, uncles, great aunts, and great-uncles would get tired of the urban life, it was to my grandfather's farm in Lewis County that they would return. My grandfather and grandmother, Ural Guy Strader and Ottie Meadows Strader, welcomed them with open arms.

As a child, I had so much fun playing with my cousins and exploring the farm. As I began to grow, there were many times that I found myself on the front porch after dark watching the lightning bugs (fireflies) especially after we grandchildren had tired of catching them in our mason jars received compliments of grandmother. I remember the sound of the crickets and tree frogs belching out their music along with the song of the whippoorwill as I sat in the glider and listened to my Uncle Hartzel, great-uncle C. Strader and grandfather talk of family and of years gone by.

On one occasion, a story was told about how my great-great-grandfather John Strader III had escaped a tragedy. The family head, Christopher Strader, was the recipient of an Upshur County land grant on Little Sand Run in the area of the present-day golf course near Buckhannon. He had a son, John Strader I (born 1769 and died 1844) who lived on the land grant.

One of his sons, John Strader II was born there on January 10, 1801 and married Elizabeth Kesling in February 1823. John and Elizabeth purchased from Isaac Post a 329-acre farm on the head of Little Sand Run to which they moved in 1826. They had 10 children from this marriage. John Strader III was born to this union on February 14, 1837. Shortly after his birth an incident occurred in which the cattle got into the winter supply of fodder, and Elizabeth assisted to get them away. Elizabeth, through this exposure, took a fever but recovered. Weeks later, she took fever again and died on April 1, 1837.

Having 10 children, John II received help from his older children to raise the small ones, until his marriage on October 5 to Mary D. Wolf. The next winter or following spring while John and Mary were at a revival, the house caught on fire. Jemima (born 1829) being approximately 9 years old, escaped the burning flames with her little brother, John II, in her arms although she was severely burned. The older children either escaped or were not home at the time. The following little ones, all born after 1830, Washington, Mary, Job, and Augusta burned to death.

The surviving family members lived in a livestock shelter until they could rebuild. John III, even though he had a stepmother, was very close to his sister, Mima, who had rescued him and acted as a surrogate mother. Jemima grew up and married Charles Hess and had a daughter Rachel. In her second pregnancy, she was carrying a male child, but both she and the child died from complications of childbirth.

Hearing the story of the tragedy of the fire on the front porch of that house as told by the three men stuck with me. A few months back, while on Facebook, I was contacted by a distant cousin, Daniel Strader from Canton, Ohio, who wanted to meet. He asked me to show him the Strader family farms and other locations in the area where the Strader family had lived. We met and, along with his lovely wife Karen, we spent a long hot summer day going to various locations. Daniel and Karen made a return trip to find the Miller-Snell cemetery in which Elizabeth Strader and her children are buried. After some searching, we found the cemetery but were dismayed to find the tombstone knocked from its base and rolled over the hill and resting near the chain link fence. Daniel and I looked it over, and I came to the conclusion that

the only way to restore it to its original position was to use mechanical means. Daniel and I returned to the cemetery again to reevaluate the situation and while there, we met the current occupant of the house. She related who the current owner is and told us that some of the original charred logs remain in the structure, which is now sided over. She asked why we wanted a key to the gate, and we told her we had relative in the cemetery, and we wanted to get small tractor-access so we could restore the tombstone.

While speaking of the house, she mentioned that it is haunted. She then told, after going to bed one night, she heard what she thought were her children, who slept in room next to her, running, playing, and laughing upstairs. Thinking they had left their bedroom and gone upstairs, she got up to put them back to bed. To her surprise, she found them sleeping soundly in their beds. The next morning, she asked the children if they were upstairs the night before. Her children said no—there were little kids who lived up there that laughed and played with them. I looked at Daniel and said, “Daniel tells her the story!” Daniel told her the children who once lived in the house perished in a fire. “I knew it!” she said. “I knew it!”

We left there that day hoping to return to fix the stone. When I told my wife, Kimberly Robinson Frazier, the story she, like me, was saddened by the story of the mother and her children and the fact that the tombstone had fallen. Daniel was unable to make a return trip, and I told my cousin, Tom Strader (Hartzel Strader’s son) about the stones. He graciously offered his trailer to haul my subcompact John Deere with a pig pole to use as the mechanics to lift the stone back into place.

Tom and I went to the cemetery and leveled the base by moving a flat slab sandstone that was under the upper base to the lower side. We then hammered and chiseled a lot of the old mortar on both bases.

John Strader II grew up in the Frenchton-Beechtown area of Upshur County. Upon coming of age, he would make his home with his sister, Barbara Strader Heavener, wife of Daniel Heavener on Skin Creek Mountain on the Upshur-Lewis County line. While working for the Aaron Peterson family, Mrs. Peterson took a liking to him and later wrote to him during the Civil War. Following the war, as a member of the 6th WV Calvary, he was sent to protect settlers, mail routes, and telegraph lines along the Oregon Trail. Mrs. Peterson’s letters continued throughout his military service.

Prior to leaving for the Civil War, he was engaged to a Linger girl. As he was gone, both for the war and afterward out West, she married another Union soldier. He, however, began courting and married her younger sister, Mary Elizabeth Linger. They raised 11 children. Tom Strader and I descend from John Strader III through Willis Irvin Strader.

Source: Information from Hartzel Strader, genealogist, Oral histories of Willis C. and Guy Strader, and information on Rachel from WV Vital Statistics.

Rest in peace to all of these family members.

A research paper written by Nelson Lough on the famous Copley Gas Well #1

Copley, (Part 1)

By Nelson F. Lough

Disclaimer: Due to the fact that the material for this research was collected mainly by oral interviews and compiled by one not familiar with the techniques and methods of the oil business, the information contained herein cannot be said to be valid or completely true and should not be used for any purpose other than that intended by the author; to show the effect the booming of an oil derrick had on a small, quiet farming community.

The Story of Copley #1

During the early days of September, 1900, the booming of steam-driven drilling machinery at Copley, West Virginia, must have not created a too great commotion in the small quiet farming community with its small population. The property, where the wooden oil derrick stood, belonged to Michael Copley, an unwealthy immigrant from Ireland and a small-scale farmer. Lewis Countians had priory been greatly startled with the coming of the Camden #1 well in October, 1899, with its enormous oil production of estimated 1,000 to 3,000 barrels of oil a day. But, unfortunately, several poor wells were later drilled, some producing only small amounts of about 40 barrels a day and other wells disappointingly were "dry holes." Even the great gusher, Camden #1 soon blew out the oil it held in its crevice, and the interest of the oil speculators waned. By midsummer, 1900, most of the oil excitement among the people of the county had died out. To the people of Copley, this well hopefully might be a producing well....and not a dry hole....

On September 22, 1900, the drilling was continuing when suddenly the well came in. the drill had not even broken through the last few feet what held the oil. The oil broke through the crust and shot the tools completely out of the well. The oil at first was laden with sand and rocks from the hole in the earth, and the striking force of these impurities was so great that they cut a portion of the top of the rig apart. The oil spurted far above the derrick and fell in a golden shower which covered the ground for hundreds of feet around. The ground around the derrick stood a foot deep with oil. The oil was a golden yellow; and was so "alive" that it was nearly as flammable as gasoline. The drillers, soaked with slippery oil and frantically trying to shut off the flow, were unable to supply enough tankage and the oil ran into the nearby Sand Fork Run. The initial production was estimated about 300 barrels an hour, and five days after the well came in, production rose to 7,920 barrels a day. The Sand Fork was rapidly filled with oil as far as eight miles below the well. Successive dams were quickly thrown up in the river channel, and laborers who had worked day and night at fabulous wages fell exhausted, unable to continue longer without sleep. The oil overflowed the last dam, which was ten feet high, and continued to the Little Kanawha where it was carried to the river's mouth at Parkersburg, a distance of more than 100 miles! The gigantic production of the well was such that it affected the price of oil to the extent of dropping 10 cents in three days!

The well at Copley had astonishing effects on the little farming community. Visitors came from far and near; the roads were crossed with people riding and driving to and from the quickly-made-famous Copley farm. Armed guards were necessarily maintained to keep the gathering crowds from coming too near and possibly starting a much-dreaded fire.

The main problem presented to the workers was to supply ample tankage and the Copley-Weston road soon became a very busy muddy and muddier road. The tanks, made on the site from barrel staves and metal hoops, were a time consuming and difficult task. Yet at one time, there were 300 such tanks scattered in the meadow around the well, each with probably a capacity of 250 barrels. Steam boilers, pipe, and casing also were hauled over the small winding road and boarding-houses and livestock barns sprang up nearby.

Although Camden #1 had blown itself to completion, Copley #1 did not suffer the same misfortune. By November 8, the Copley well was flowing at 93 barrels an hour and seemingly had no intention of slacking.

Continued in the next Journal!

Or we can copy and mail you the story for a donation of \$20.00.

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For office use: Date____ Check #____ Code____ Back Issues ____ Membership Card____ Packet____

I/We hereby apply for membership in The Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants, Inc. I understand that dues are \$40.00 and my membership includes access to all portions of the website of the organization, access to the HCPD Library during any hours when it is open, and 2 copies of The Hacker's Creek Journal per membership year which will be distributed via e-mail except to those persons who do not have e-mail capabilities. Those persons who do not have e-mail capabilities will received the HCJ by regular mail. I understand that HCPD is a 501©3 organization and all donations for which I ask a receipt are tax deductible.

I include a _____ donation. Please place \$_____ in the general fund, \$_____ in the cemetery _____ LED Lights Maintenance fund, and/or \$_____ in the building fund.

Mr./Mrs./Miss: _____

(Surname--Given Name--Middle Name--Spouse)

Address: _____

Street—City--State Zip Code (9 digits please)

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Families I am researching: _____

EVERY ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO DISTRIBUTE THE HACKER'S CREEK JOURNALS IN APRIL AND LATE SEPTEMBER FOR ANY GIVEN MEMBERSHIP YEAR. The HCPD MEMBERSHIP YEAR BEGINS OCTOBER 1 AND ENDS ON SEPTEMBER 30. New memberships after August 1 will begin the following October 1. However, those who join during the months of August and September will have all benefits except receipt of the second Journal of a membership year by snail mail. It should be noted that these will be available on the members only website.

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